Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin, *Exit* Oth. *and* Des.
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steale it, but he so loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she reserues it euer more about her,
To kisse, and talke to; Ile ha the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago*: what he'l doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter* Iago.
I nothing, but to please his fantasie.
Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?
Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.
Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing—
Em. Ha?
Iag To haue a foolish wife.
Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that same handkerchiefe?
Iag. What handkerchiefe?
Em. What handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.
Iag. Ha'st stole it from her?
Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, tooke it vp
Looke, here it is.
Iag. A good wench giue it me.
Em. What will you doe with it,
That you haue bin so earnest to haue me filch it?
Iag. Why, what's that to you?
Em. If t be not for some purpose of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, shee'll run mad
When she shall lacke it.
Iag. Be not you acknowne on't, I haue vse for it:—go leaue me;
I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin, *Exit* Em.
And let him find it: Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy Writ, this may doe something:
The Moore already changes with my poison,

Dan-

Dangerous conceits
Which at the first are
But with a little act v
Burne like the mines
Look where he comes
Nor all the drousie si
Shall euer medecine t
Which thou owedst
Oth. Ha, ha, false
Iag. Why how no
Oth. Auant, be gon
I sweare, tis better to
Then but to know't a
Iag. How now, my
Oth. What sence ha
I saw't not, thought it
I slept the next nigh
I found not *Cassio's*
He that is rob'd, not
Let him not know't,
Iag. I am sorry to
Oth. I had bin ha
Pyoners, and all, had
So I had nothing kno
Farewell the tranqui
Farewell the plumed
That makes ambitio
Farewell the neighin
The spirit-stirring D
The royall Banner, a
Pride, pompe, and ci
And, O ye mortall En
The immortal *Ioues*
Farewell, *Othelloe's*
Iag. If t possible
Oth. Villaine, be
Be sure of it, giue me
Or by the worth of

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN